

Aunts, uncles, and father

They bond to units, true for life
(like most I find within my family)
the female perseveres with all her strife
refusing compromise, reality.
She's lost along the way, sweet Verity,
to cut the tie, a pure anathema:
to really hold as dear with Charity -
no way - but hide from friends their earned stigma.
For such life lie, no sweet panacea;
pursue dependent middle class respect
Ibsen reduced such to diaspora
so long before he also damned - inspect.
These 'kin' ignore e'en Sin at gates of Hell,
Their amoralities escape and swell.